THE SMURFS ARE CUNTS

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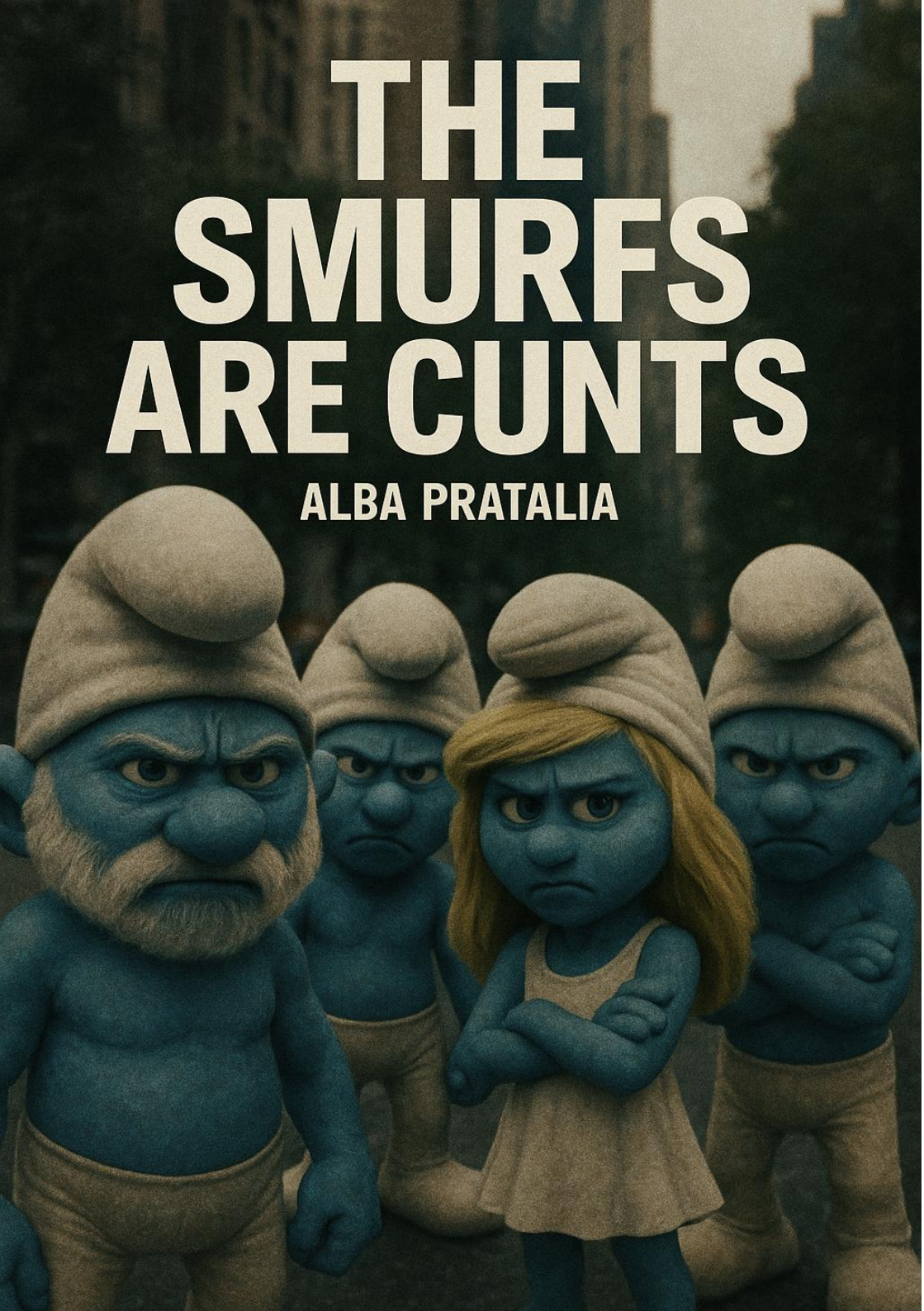

MY COCOS

Picture it: 2025, digital agora. You log in to read about the collapse of democracy or a cat stuck in a vending machine, and instead you're ambushed by a glowing pop-up:

"SHAVE YOUR BALLS OR SOCIETY WILL COLLAPSE."

The marketing departments of Earth, clearly drunk, have decided that testicular landscaping is not just a choice—it's a civic duty. Brand names are always something half-Latin, half-TikTok: *MyCocos, MyNuts, SackSmith, The Smooth Republic.* You

can't even open the *Financial Times* without being told your scrotum looks like the Amazon pre-deforestation.

And here's the hypocrisy so ripe you could spread it on toast: swap out "balls" for "pussy" and suddenly it's a UN tribunal on gender oppression. "Cancel culture" would dive from the ceiling like Batman. But for balls? Apparently, they're fair game. Half the internet is one giant infomercial screaming: *Normalize exfoliating your gonads, bro.*

So why is this mainstream? Three theories:

1. **Capitalism found a new frontier.** There are only so many razors you can sell for chins. But balls? Two new cheeks, untapped market, jackpot.
2. **Masculinity rebranded.** They realized men will buy anything if it's sold as "alpha hygiene." Translation: shave your sack = get laid, champ.

3. **The quiet revenge of Gillette.** After decades of watching women wax, pluck, bleach, and laser everything, the grooming-industrial complex finally went: "Your turn, boys."

The result: you're just trying to read about bond yields or who won last night's game, and the internet won't let your scrotum rest in peace.

Nathan slammed the laptop shut so hard the hinge made a noise like a priest choking on incense.

He was furious. Not in the abstract sense, not "grumpy-old-man yells at cloud." No—he was white-hot pissed at the world's new advertising gospel: shave thy sack, or be cast out of Eden.

And here's the irony: Nathan *liked* his women waxed bald as bowling balls everywhere except their heads. His problem, his taste, his kink—fine. A girl didn't want to wax? Totally valid. Just not his cup of tea. Freedom all around. On the flip side, some women once wanted *him* shaved, and he tried it

once. Just once. Never again. He looked like a plucked chicken that lost a fight with an electric fence. So: also not for him.

Bottom line: choice be free. Hair, no hair, all hair, neon-colored hair, even sculpted topiary if someone had the patience. Whatever. He didn't care.

What he *did* care about was the placement. You can't scroll an online paper, read about the latest death count in Palestine, or the Euro teetering into its next existential crisis, and then right in the middle of it—BAM!—"MyCocos™: because your balls deserve to shine like Michelangelo's David."

Nathan lit a cigarette, exhaled like a steam engine, and muttered:
"Christ. They've turned my sack into a banner ad between genocide and monetary collapse."

Nathan, pacing, cigarette flaring like a signal flare in a blackout:

“Genocide. Massacre. Human extermination, pure and simple.”

He slapped the newspaper down so hard the cat jumped off the couch. Because there it was in black and white, like a punchline so cruel it stopped being funny—Israeli Finance Minister Bezalel Smotrich musing aloud about Gaza’s reconstruction as a *“real estate gold mine.”*

And Nathan, who had lost all tolerance for euphemisms, spat it out:
“So can one say *fuck the…*? Nooooo. That’s verboten. Taboo. You’ll be called an antisemite before you can even get the sentence past your teeth. It’s the precast coward cliché, the rhetorical fire extinguisher for anyone with a conscience.”

He dragged on the cigarette, grinned bitterly, and flipped the table with words instead:
“Fine then. Fuck the *smurfs.* Yes, the smurfs. That’s the game, isn’t it? Replace the nouns, keep the meaning. Israeli smurfs, supported by the

international financial smurf community, licking their lips at the idea of Gaza as beachfront condos. Smurfs who lobby with foreign governments like it's all Monopoly money."

He paused, exhaled, and laughed a dry, ugly laugh. "And the honest, decent, common-sense smurf people of noble spirit? They'll only nod. They'll only agree. They won't feel offended. Because they know damn well the insult isn't meant for them—it's meant for the machine. The smurf machine."

He crushed the cigarette out, muttered under his breath, half-prayer, half-threat:
"Fuck the smurfs."

Nathan, now fully off the leash, foamed like a busted fire hydrant of profanity:

"Having been crushed under Gargamel's iron fist once doesn't give you fucking smurfs the right to be *the Gargamel of others.* That's smurfing ridiculous! But you smurf it as a smurf, smurfn't you! Still you

smurf the smurf you can smurf away, smurf you not? You inhumane, shameless smurfs!"

He was shouting so loud, passersby thought he was either possessed or auditioning for the lead role in *Macbeth: The Smurf Cut.* His friend, hunched over his beer, just nodded with that expression that said *yep, the man has a point, and also, yep, we're getting kicked out of this bar again.*

Nathan jabbed the air with his cigarette like a conductor's baton:
"Listen here. You don't get to weaponize history into a hall pass for butchery. You don't get to cry 'Gargamel!' as you bulldoze mushroom villages into luxury mushroom condos. You don't get to turn other people's lives into your smurfing real-estate brochure."

He took a drag, coughed smoke, and spat the words: "Inhumane. No-shame. Hypocritical. Blue-faced bastards."

I'll say it plain, because hedging is for lawyers and people who still care about being liked on dinner party guest lists.

Picture the world as one enormous cartoon studio and you — whoever the "you" is tonight — have been handed the keys to every backlot. They gave you Duckburg's skeleton key, they handed you the combination to Scrooge McDuck's Money Bin and said, "Have at it, help yourself." Mouseton's lobbyists? Your interns. Mickey? Your unofficial agent with a license to do things that smell faintly of corruption but carry a trademarked smile. Heidi waved you up to her grandpa's alpine cabin and said, "Store the cash there, no questions," as if mountain air could launder ethics.

Call them smurfs if it helps your rhythm, call them bankers, call them "the smiling men with sand in their pockets." The label doesn't change the facts: a cozy cartel of cartoon mascots and real-world financiers, hands in the cookie jar, arranging reconstruction like a Monopoly board. They

parachute into ruin with glossy brochures and renderings of beachfront condos, stamp “redevelopment opportunity” on ruins, then phone their lobbyist friends for the permit and the PR firm for the holy narrative. They brand it progress, privatize grief, and invoice the world.

You survived Gargamel once? Fine. That doesn't grant you the right to turn into Gargamel. Catch that? Been prey, now predator — history cut and pasted into a new business plan. That’s the part that makes the bile rise: the people who shouted about suffering now write the post-suffering prospectus. They’re not doing it in secret; they’re doing it with mascots and a press release that smells faintly of citrus and bad faith.

There’s a morality play here, but I prefer the satire. Imagine CEO Smurf in a little suit, polishing off an ethically dubious handshake while the orchestra plays a jaunty tune. “We’re rebuilding,” he says, “and rebuilding is profitable.” Translation: “We will buy dirt cheap, flip it expensive, and call anyone

who objects a spoilsport." And when someone points out the injustice, the chorus sings the cautionary hymn: "Accuse them of something worse than greed — and you'll be canceled." That's the rhetorical fire extinguisher: smear the critic, then proceed to buy beachfront lots over the bones.

Do I blame the cartoon mascots? No. I blame the system that dresses theft in apparel and calls it development. I blame the people who put a smiling face on the ledger and expect applause. I blame the diplomatic handshakes turned into down payments. I blame the lobbyists who read "human catastrophe" as "market inefficiency" and carry pitch decks instead of first-aid kits.

So yeah—fuck the smurfs, insofar as the word stands in for the smiling, suit-wearing machinery that sells ruins as opportunities and calls anyone who refuses "antagonists." Not because of any ethnicity or creed — because I refuse to let grief be securitized and parceled like an asset class. Because

having been flattened by history does not give you moral immunity to flatten others.

Now watch them smile, hand you a brochure, and ask you to admire the model of the future while they count the profit margins in private. Smile back. Keep your rage cold and your language precise. Call out the names if you must; call them cartoons if it helps you sleep. But don't let them turn loss into a business plan and call it progress.

Nathan: Do you think I have time to spend my days damning you war criminals while you turn people into bloodied sausages of cannon-fodder? Do you think I have time to swat at your moral mosquitoes and polish my righteous outrage until it blinds me? Christ, no. I have better things to be useless at.

And while we're on the subject — the internet can shove its ball-shaving pop-ups where the sun don't shine. My feed is a morgue of headlines and right between a photo of a flattened school and a chart of collapsing bonds there it is: *SHAVE YOUR NUTS,*

LIVE LIKE A GOD. As if the tone of the world wasn't already obscene enough. As if genocide and austerity don't pair nicely with coupons and a buy-one-get-one free for epidermal humiliation. Ridiculous. Smurfing ridiculous.

But do not mistake my contempt for activism by proxy. I will curse them. I will write it in the margins in a fury of ink and cheap scotch. I will carve their names into paragraphs and feed those paragraphs to anybody who will read them. I will not, however, spend my life policing every headline, every obscene ad, every smiling suit who calls disaster "opportunity." There is only so much bile and I prefer to spend what's left on things that feed me rather than starve me.

Listen: I have a schedule of sins and virtues. Priority one — get seriously drunk. Priority two — read. Read until my eyes ache, until words pile on the floor like a confession I can't stop. Priority three — read some more. Priority four — write. Not to save the world; I'm not that optimistic or that deluded. I

write to console myself, to arrange the grief into sentences so it stops buzzing like a wasp in my skull. To make sense? Ha. No. To make the noise coherent enough that I can sleep for an hour or two.

So keep your petitions, your hashtags, your moral panics and your razor ads. I will curse them all in a paragraph, then I will uncork another bottle and return to the only work that keeps me human: reading every horrible truth I can find and writing them down so that later — when the laughter has dulled and the hangover ebbs — I can look at the paper and say: at least I saw it, at least I wrote it, at least I didn't pretend it didn't happen.

Now hand me the bottle. And shut the ad blocker off for three minutes so I can laugh at the audacity.

Nathan: What? What, reader, what — did you really think this was a tirade about shaving one's balls? That between the collapse of a hospital and the markets tanking I'm pausing to debate manscaping etiquette? Give me some credit and a drink.

No — this is about the smurfs. The smiling, suited smurfs who parachute into ruin with glossy brochures and a powerpoint titled *Opportunity.* The ones who smell profit in rubble and call it redevelopment. The ones who cat-call at the crater and whisper, *imagine the condos.* They don't care for history, for bodies, for the small soft things that used to be people. They care for models, margins, and the tax benefits their lawyers can extract from grief.

You want the literal punchline? Fine: fuck the smurfs. Fuck their mascots, fuck their lobbyists, fuck the PR men who can put a jaunty soundtrack under a war crime and sell it as a "long-term plan." Call it whatever helps you sleep — smurfs, bankers, smiling men with sand in their pockets — the label doesn't change that these are the same hands that counted other people's lives as spreadsheets and moved on to the next line item.

Do I mean every single person who ever owned a blue hat? No. I mean the people who weaponize the

language of rebuilding to justify looting. I mean the people who take photographs of flattened schools and overlay them with CGI pools and terraces and call it progress. I mean the ones who read “human catastrophe” as “market inefficiency” and bring pitch decks instead of ambulances. History chews out people like that. So do I.

You survived Gargamel? Congratulations. That does not grant you the right to become Gargamel. Having been prey doesn’t make you exempt from being a predator. That’s the part that makes bile flood the mouth: those who once screamed for mercy now queue up to buy the land cheap and call it entrepreneurialism. They put on a smile and a little blue tie and get to write the afterword in the language of “opportunity.” They speak of reconstruction while counting how many square meters they can privatize. They talk of jobs while their contracts strip pensions. They talk of peace while penciling profit.

And while you're thinking I'm indulging in rhetorical theater — no. I am deliberately theatrical because theater is the only honest place left for outrage that still wants to be seen. You can't whisper this stuff politely into the wrong ear and expect it to not be eaten by the same machine that eats everything honest. You have to shout it with satire, with disgust, with every filthy simile you can on hand, because decorum is the velvet glove that hides the iron fist.

So I will not waste all my days policing every ad, tweeting every outrage, marching to everyone's performative funeral. I will write it down. I will drink. I will read until the page holds the shape of what I feel. I will carve names into sentences until someone else who is tired can pick them up and say, *Ah — at least someone saw it.* That is my work. That is the small rebellion I can keep alive.

But make no mistake: when the smurfs hand you the keys to Duckburg and tell you Scrooge McDuck's Money Bin is now community benefit, I'll laugh — a

short, ugly laugh — and write it down. I'll mock the mascots, expose the contracts, name the lobbyists, and refuse to let grief be securitized into a product called "redevelopment."

So no, reader — this is not about razors for the nether regions. It's about the people who count other people's graves as investment opportunities. And until they stop, I'll keep saying the thing everybody's thinking but treats as unsayable: fuck the smurfs. Not for being blue, but for being merchants of ruin.